

tinest alteration or play of light upon a selenium mirror, establishes electric currents.

In a word, if you make a wry face at one end of the system, it will be electrically conducted to the other end.

Meyer's television apparatus is so constructed that the sender stands inside a compartment and looks directly into a bizarre mirror of selenium which is connected to a large X-ray or Crookes tube.

There are two gigantic and fierce-looking magnets—one placed perpendicular to and the other horizontal with—the Roentgen ray generators. The tube is connected with a direct current of 100,000 volts.

Away off somewhere the receiving machinery is practically the same as the sending. The 100,000 volts arrive through a bundle of fine wires which pass into another Crookes tube, situated like the ham in a sandwich, between two powerful electromagnets.

Every movement of the eyes, lips, head, arms, legs and entire body, as well as the scenery round about are plainly visible at the distant point.

A central exchange just as with the telephone, switches the receiver into a connection with the sender, by pressing the corresponding number.

Meyer admits that his television is too expensive in its present form to be ready for general adoption, but it is a success-

ful and practical experiment which he expects to perfect.

A LESSON IN FRACTIONS

A philosopher stepped on board a boat to cross a stream. On the passage he inquired of the ferryman if he understood arithmetic. The man looked astonished.

"Arithmetic? No, sir; never heard of it before."

The philosopher replied: "I am very sorry, for one-quarter of your life is gone."

A few minutes afterward he asked the ferryman:

"Do you know anything of mathematics?"

The boatman smiled and replied:

"No."
"Well, then," said the philosopher, "another quarter of your life is gone."

A third question was asked the ferryman:

"Do you understand astronomy?"

"Oh, no, no; never heard of such a thing."

"Well, my friend, another quarter of your life is gone."

Just at this moment the boat ran on a rock. The ferryman jumped up, pulling off his coat, and asked the philosopher:

"Sir, can you swim?"

"No," said the philosopher.

"Then," shouted the ferryman, "your whole life is gone, for the boat is going to the bottom."—

Kansas City Times.

How'd you like to live at Lawrence, Mass.?